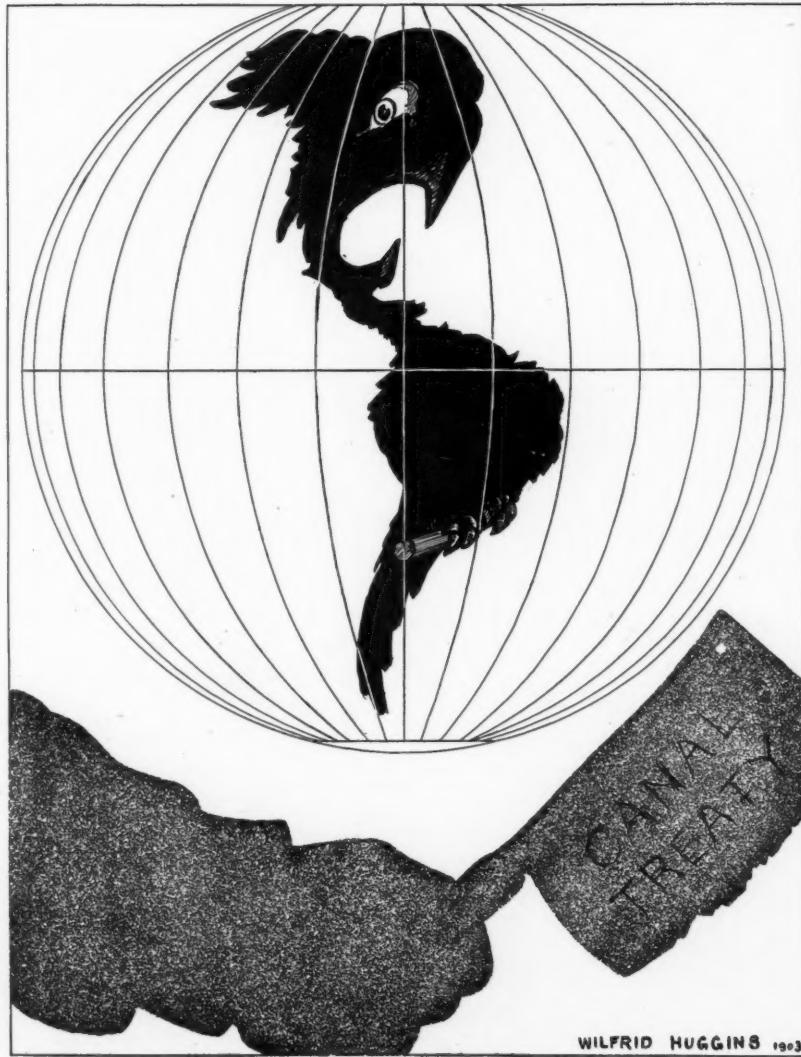


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THE GERMAN BIRD.

"POOR OLD BIRD!"
"WHO'LL CUT OFF HIS HEAD?"
"I," SAID UNCLE SAM.
"I DON'T CARE A D—
I'LL CUT OFF HIS HEAD."

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Royal, 5	Potente, aged	105	Daly, 5
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LIFE

Expensive.

IT was a beautiful evening in the Spring of 2001. The moon shone pale and transcendent in the clouds above, and as the two lovers sat close together, no sound was heard save the stealthy tread of the one spectator to their tryst.

The young man pressed the maiden to his heart, and turning her face to his, was about to kiss her, when she drew back.

"Darling," she asked anxiously, "what is the tax on kisses?"

"One dollar each," he observed grimly, "but I don't care if my salary is mortgaged up to next Christmas. I'm desperate for a kiss."

"Don't!" she said pleadingly. "The tax assessor is watching our every movement and is ready to chalk it down. You know, even now, it is costing you fifty cents an hour to be with me."

"I know it!" exclaimed her lover, "but, my darling, aside from our own cramped finances, you know the trusts must live. The head of the Lover's Trust is only worth eight trillions, and suppose we should go out of business! Why, his dividends might be cut down. No, no. Let us love, even if the tax is raised to a dollar an hour and there is no bread in the house. I must be true to my country's best interests."

"You are right," she said, yielding to his superior mind.

And as their lips met in a long, lingering dollar kiss, the registering machine, planted twenty feet back of them, clicked out its ominous sound, showing that John Jones, American citizen, had been docked for one kiss by the United States Amalgamated Lover's Trust.



Development.

"THIS Congress," remarks Representative Payne, "has given greater attention to private business than any of its predecessors."

Is not this unavoidably so?

In the earlier stages of national development, when interests are more nearly common, enough graft to make elections safe may be effect-

uated by general legislation. But with the complication of human relations, graft takes on more of the character of individuality, so to speak, and special or private legislation is necessary.

The condition which Mr. Payne calls attention to shows that we have easily emerged from the chrysalis state.



Polar Bear: HANG THE LUCK! NOT A DROP OF ICE WATER FOR A BATH!

• LIFE •



"White there is Life there's Hope."
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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's Coal Strike Commission has made a report with which no one finds fault. It gives the strikers ten per cent. increase of wages, which they could have got from the operators without the help of a Commission. It rejects the demand of the United Mine Workers for recognition, and recommends the anthracite miners to form a union of their own.

It defends the non-union workmen, and contends vigorously for the right of every man to settle for himself, if he chooses, the terms of his employment. It condemns the boycott and all the violent means strikers are wont to use, and did use to such a scandalous extent in Pennsylvania, to carry their point. It finds that the conditions under which the miners live were not so bad as was made out, and did not necessitate their sending their children to work too early. It condemns the practice of letting young breaker-boys vote on strike questions, and it recommends that Congress should devise means for investigating and passing upon the merits of future coal strikes, though it does not go so far as to recommend compulsory arbitration. Inasmuch as the Commission included men very favorable to the labor side of strike disputes, as well as men whose natural inclination might be expected to tend in the

other direction, their unanimous agreement in this report gives it great weight. Its greatest merit is the vigor with which it condemns the idea that a strike is a state of war, in which what are, practically, war methods are warrantable.

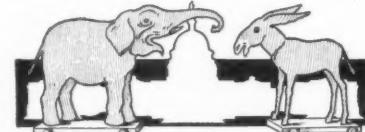


CHARLES G. LELAND, who died last month in Florence, Italy, lived to be nearly fourscore, and spent most of the last thirty years of his life in Europe. We all knew him best as the author of the ballads of "Hans Breitman," which he produced about a generation ago. They are first-rate ballads of their kind, and in their day were so profusely popular that they are still far from lost to the public memory. But they were hardly more than a lucky incident in Mr. Leland's life. He was a man who took his time about living, and tried hard to get out of life what good things it contained. To all appearance he succeeded remarkably well. He was an eager student from childhood, and joined humor and enthusiasm to notable erudition. He became an authority on gypsies, on folk-lore, on the Celtic language, and on manual training in schools. He was an editor and a writer in New York and Philadelphia for about thirty years, in the course of which he was a member of the staff of the first American humorous paper, the short-lived *Vanity Fair*. The rest of his life he seems to have spent in acquiring knowledge and having fun in his intelligent and hard working way. His excellent example is respectfully commended to the present generation of Americans, which seems too distracted about dollar-hunting to have much fun, and in too much of a hurry about everything, to get all the flavor and all the joy out of anything.



ONE thing at least the Americans of our generation find time to do—they read the newspapers. They have read a vast amount within a month about a murder in Buffalo. It has been interesting reading of its kind. The murder had its mystery, which at

this writing is still unimpaired. Before the inquest we had clues and theories by the column, but they came to nothing. At the inquest we got a vast amount of testimony, the upshot of which was that the murdered man's wife had a lover who was infatuated with her, and that his infatuation was diligently reciprocated. When this infatuated lover took his own wife out in an automobile a day or two before the inquest, and ran himself and her over the edge of a stone quarry, killing both, interest was undoubtedly added to the situation. Following the testimony at the inquest has been a good deal like reading a French novel, and it is no more than just to say that the moral of the situation has been well brought out. Making love to another man's wife is not an expedient exercise, and if she has children it is doubly inexpedient. Who killed Mr. Burdick has not been disclosed, but the presumption is strong that both he and the Pennells would have been alive if Pennell's attentions had been confined to his own wife.



PRESIDENTIAL politics are getting interesting, and there is much to encourage the hope that there will be a real campaign next year between two good men, either one of which is fit to sit at the head of the national table. One of them will doubtless be Colonel Roosevelt, but no one can yet say who will be the other. In the East, there has been a revival of interest in Mr. Cleveland, who is to make a tour of the West for the better discernment of the feelings of that part of our population. Will he run himself? Possibly; and if he does he will get a great many votes. But it seems more likely that he goes West, not so much to test his personal hold on the voters, as to test their attachment to the policies, and the sort of Democratic Government, that he, better than any other living Democrat, represents. As a forerunner, whose voice is to be the voice of one crying "Prepare for a real Democrat!" no one could equal him.

Experientia Docet.

THREE was once a curious and energetic youth who wished to see something of the world, so he went to his father and said:

"Father, my experience hitherto has been somewhat limited, and I wish to enlarge it. What would you advise?"

His father gave him one hundred dollars.

"Here, my boy," he said. "Go out and learn something."

By and by the boy came back and said:

"Father, I got as much experience as I could with that hundred, but I find that I need more to carry out certain investigations I am becoming interested in."

This time his father gave him two hundred dollars, and the youth went away rejoicing. After a while, however, he came back again and said:

"Father, I find that experience is somewhat expensive. Now could you——?"

This time his father gave him five hundred.

It was not long, however, before he was back again.

"Once more, father," he said, "I have come to ask your kind assistance."

This time, however, the father shook his head.

"You have had some of the experience that can be bought with cash," he observed, "and now, my son, suppose you go out and try some of the experience that money cannot buy. This, you will find, is fully as valuable as the other, if not more so."

So the son went away, exceedingly sorrowful.

In the course of time, however, he came back. There was a bright smile on his face.

"Well," said his father, "how did you make out?"

"First-rate, father," said the now experienced youth. "You see, with the first payments you made to me, I established a line of credit, so this last time I had everything charged. Here are the bills."

MORAL.

It's a wise father who knows his own son.

Surprised

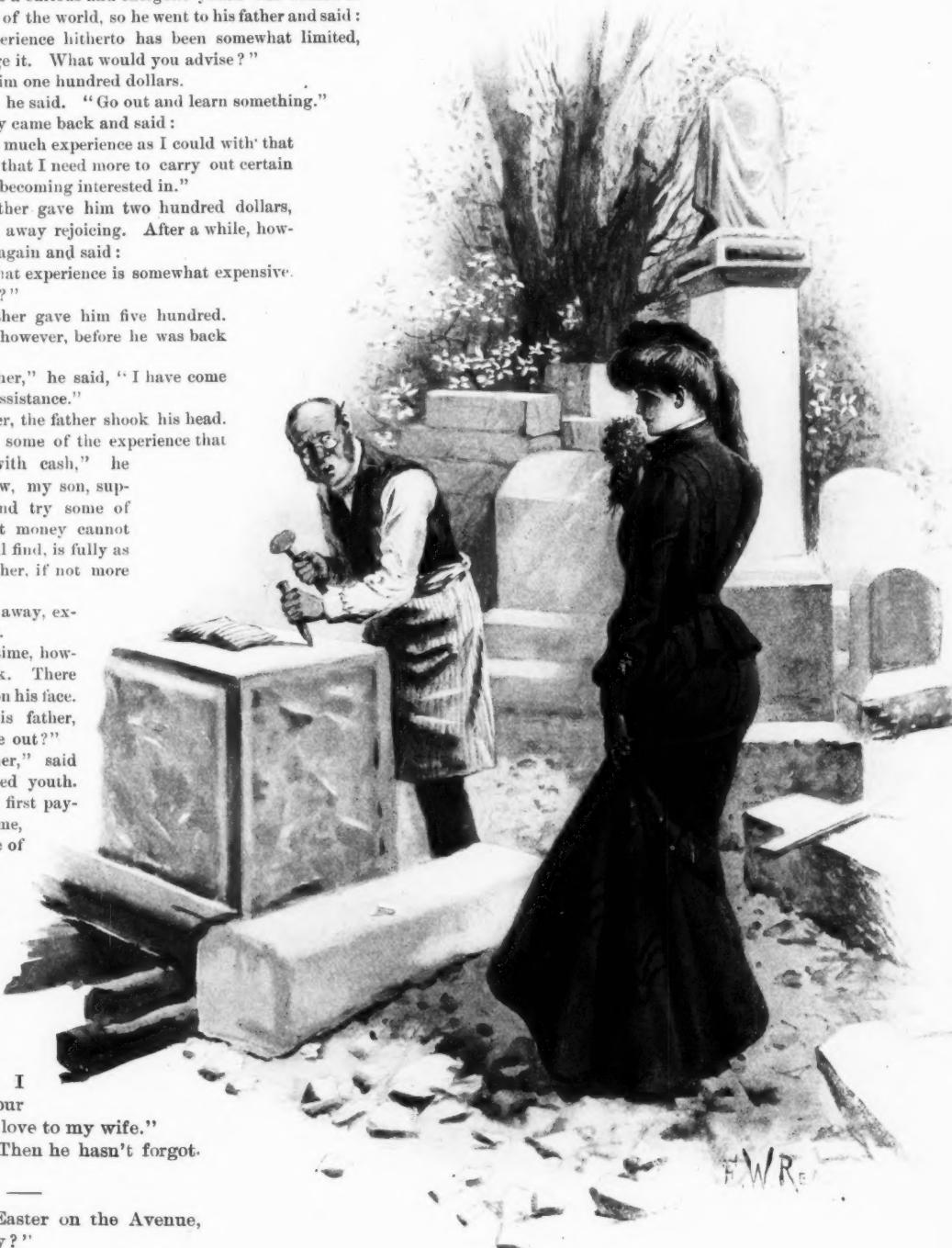
"**M**ADAME, I caught your

husband making love to my wife."

"Oh, lovely! Then he hasn't forgotten how!"

"**W**HAT is Easter on the Avenue, anyway?"

"Why, it is merely the general approval of society on the rising of the Lord."



"HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO MAKE THIS MONUMENT TO MY HUSBAND?"

"OH, ABOUT TWO MONTHS, MA'AM."

"BUT I MAY NOT WANT IT THEN."



The Captain: TAKE IN THAT SPINNAKER. WE ARE NEARING THE FLATIRON.



The Better Sort, by Henry James, is the most important of the unusual number of collections of short stories which have marked the opening of the new season. Coming from Mr. James, the book is almost an offer for a compromise. So marked is the evidence of a reaction from his extreme manner that there are whole sections where one forgets the method in enjoyment of the matter. Both author and readers should profit by the change. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Another collection, by Israel Zangwill, bears the title of *The Grey Wig*. It includes his *Great Bow Mystery* (1892) and *Merely Mary Ann* (1893). The shorter tales are, as usual, in quite a different style from his novels and are marred by a forced effort after epigrammatic smartness. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Some sketches by Arthur Colton, who has already published one good novel and a number of short stories, appear in *Tibia*. Some of them are excellent. The book, however, includes so many and such sudden

changes of mood that the casual seeker after amusement will scarcely trouble to follow them. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.20.)

In marked contrast to these is *The Turquoise Cup*, containing two stories by Arthur Cosslett Smith, the first a tale of Venice, the second one of the Sahara. They are neither subtle nor smart, but they are bright and charmingly written and enable you, for half an hour, to forget weariness and worry. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Basil King's new story, *In the Garden of Charity*, has for setting the rugged coast of Nova Scotia, and for actors the simple fisher folk of those bleak shores. The book is extremely well written and holds the interest in spite of the rather psychologic nature of the theme—the struggle between love and jealousy in the minds of two women. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

One constantly hears expressed a request for a succinct and logical setting forth of the doctrines of Christian Science, and the irony of the demand is usually unconscious. *The Truth and Error of Christian Science*, a

logical and philosophical analysis of Mrs. Eddy's book by M. Carta Sturge, should be read by every sincere putter of this question. (E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.)

Luncheons is a supplement to Mary Ronald's *Century Cook Book*, and is devoted to suggestions for tasty dishes, the preparation of which is facilitated by numerous photographic illustrations. (The Century Company. \$1.40.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. The Temple Classics edition. (The Macmillan Company. 50c.)

Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride. By W. S. Gilbert. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.00.)

His Story, Their Letters. By F. D. B. (F. J. Drake and Company, Chicago.)

Reflections of Bridget McNulty. By Frank C. Voorhies. (Dickerman Publishing Company.)

Mrs. McPiggs of the Very Old Scratch. By Frank C. Voorhies. (Mutual Book Company, Boston.)

The Gates of Silence. By Robert Loveman. (The Knickerbocker Press.)

Triumphs of Science. Edited by M. A. L. Lane. One of the excellent Youth's Companion Series. (Ginn and Company, Boston.)



"YES, THOSE PATENT BREAKFAST FOODS GAVE ME INDIGESTION, AND MY DOCTOR HAS RECOMMENDED A LIGHT DIET OF NUTS."



"Now we come to the underlying thought."

GIVING UP.

The Millionaire Sunday School Class.

TOPIC: *Giving Up.* GOLDEN THOUGHT: *Give and Make Others Give.*

LEADER: You will notice that our topic this morning is Giving Up, which, we infer from the Scripture lesson, means that we must give up something in life. First, let me suggest that we need not worry with the argument of the Nazarene, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; the comparison is not well drawn, for all depends upon the size of the needle and the camel.

He also mentions that we should give all we have to the poor, but we know that it would be simply folly to consider that literally. The Nazarene was undoubtedly a wise person, but He never managed a coal trust, nor an oil trust, nor a beef trust. If He lived to-day and should happen to be president of an oil company, and should attempt to do business on those lines, He

would soon go to the wall. (*Unanimous assent from the class.*)

These injunctions must be taken practically. We naturally desire a few shares of the future life, therefore we know that it is business to give up something that will extend our influence with the Creator of all natural products—the one who made a universe of trusts, each of which He holds in the hollow of His hand. The question is: What will be the easiest service for us? Giving!

Now we come to the underlying thought. The command to give is virtually a command to get, for we cannot give unless we first get something to give. How shall we get it to give? From the people! This will be a twofold work: When we get it from other people that we may give up, we will be making them give up, too, and

they unconsciously will be saving their souls.

I should like to have an expression from a number of the class as to how we can arrange to give up something according to these principles. As for myself, I have advanced the price of oil two cents on the gallon, and at the end of a year I not only will have made others give up, but will have gotten enough extra profit to enable me to give a few hundred thousands to a university.

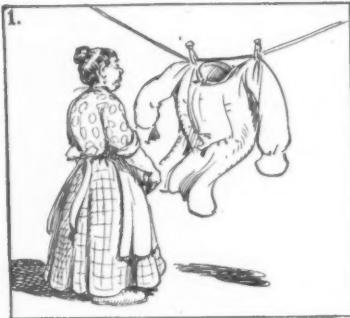
COAL OPERATOR: I can easily cut miners' wages and clear enough to endow charities to help the poor buy fuel.

HEAD OF BEEF TRUST: I can fix the prices of beef and other meats and raise a sum to establish friendly inns and soup houses for those who cannot get enough work to live.

STEEL TRUST MAGNATE: I can manage to

A WINDY DAY.

NORA IS BEATEN AT HER OWN GAME.



clear the price of a few free libraries where people can read and forget their miseries.

HEAD OF SUGAR TRUST: I can make people give up enough extra for sugar to defray the expenses of a hundred or so missionaries in Cuba and the Philippines.

LEADER: This is what I call a practical Christian spirit. By our works we shall be known!

James Ravenscroft.

Ballade of the Undiscovered Country.

OH! for an undiscovered land
Where novelists may emigrate,
And with their thrifty pens in hand
Their freshly varnished tales narrate.
Prairie and plain pass out of date;
The middle West is wearing out;
Tales of the South are decades late;
Oh, for a land to write about!

New England's not in loud demand,
Europe's a theme attenuate;
They've done up India's coral strand,
At Greenland they don't hesitate.
With geographic zeal elate,
They seek for pastures new, and shout:
"Oh, for a wild to penetrate!
Oh, for a land to write about!"

They've left, this romance-writing band,
No spot on earth inviolate;
They've set their scenes in "Beulah
Land,"

Or Russian steppes, or Golden Gate.
'Tis not the plot, the style, of late,—
It is the literary scout
That other writers emulate.
Oh, for a land to write about!

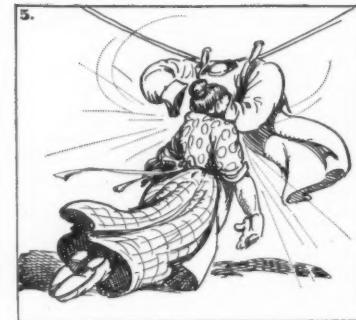
A few are bold enough, when scanned
Entire the geographic slate,
A spook or medium to command
And in a trance to speculate
Of Mars and of the moon; or prate
Of spheres our cosmos wide without.
Now, will the novel-trade abate
Without new lands to write about?

The novelist's a clever hand,—
Witty and wise, he's worth his weight!
'Tis pitiful to see him stand
Baffled, resourceless, palpitate!
For all the world's illuminate,
For "copy" 'tis turned inside out.
Till a new planet emanate,—
Oh, for a land to write about!

L'ENVOI.

Pity the scribe insatiate,
Traveler from the far redoubt!
Canst of a virgin soil narrate?
Where is a land to write about?

Olivia Howard Dunbar.



Her Objections.

"MY DEAR," whispered the husband who had accompanied his better half to the shop where she expected to purchase a spring gown, "I think that dress with the black lace fixings on it is nobby. Why don't you get it?"

"Oh, it would never do," answered the wife. "Everybody is wearing that style."

"Then, here's another good-looking one—this one with the separate jacket and the strap fixings on the skirt."

"Mercy, no! Why, nobody is wearing that!"

OREGON is a long way off, but so far as we can judge from the *Salem Journal*, wisdom abides there:

New York *LIFE* in all its features continues to be America's best, cleanest and most original humorous paper. Its editorials have a sane and kindly introspection that makes the point it seeks to elucidate without the usual bludgeon style of writing directly at the thing itself. Its political cartoons are the best that appear in any of the papers, and are generally broader than party lines. Its society poems, sketches and verse are better than one finds in the alleged society papers themselves, while Metcalfe's dramatic criticisms are head and shoulders above anything attempted in that line. The story that Gibson is getting one thousand dollars apiece for fifty cartoons from another illustrated weekly is only a tribute to the demand *LIFE* has made for his drawings.—*Daily Journal, Salem, Oregon.*



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"WHAT BREW IS THAT, WAITER?"
"DOT, SIR, IS HE BREW."

As Deer.

IN the Adirondacks, one dark day,
Two men are shot for deer, and so,
(None knew their names) the coroner,
A facile man, as such men go,
Held quest, and wrote the strangers down
As John Doe and Richard Roe.

THE EDITOR OF LIFE.
Dear Sir: Will you let me thank you for the clean and bright and happy manner in which you have treated the festival of St. Patrick's Day? It is so different—although one would expect it to be different if treated at all by LIFE—it is so very different from the unsightly and vulgar way in which so many contemporary papers will treat it that as an Irishman I am anxious to express my thanks to you. Many Irishmen, you may be sure, whether they express their thanks or not, will be grateful to you for your appreciation of their sentiments regarding St. Patrick's Day. Yours truly, P. A. Moynahan.

Vice.

INDIANS of the South Pacific are addicted to the curious vice of drinking kerosene.—*Item of News.*

The Devil's arts are being turned against him pretty often these days.

Obviously, heathen who drink kerosene are working out their own salvation.

The great pity is that the Whiskey Trust is not likewise dominated by heavy contributors to foreign missions.



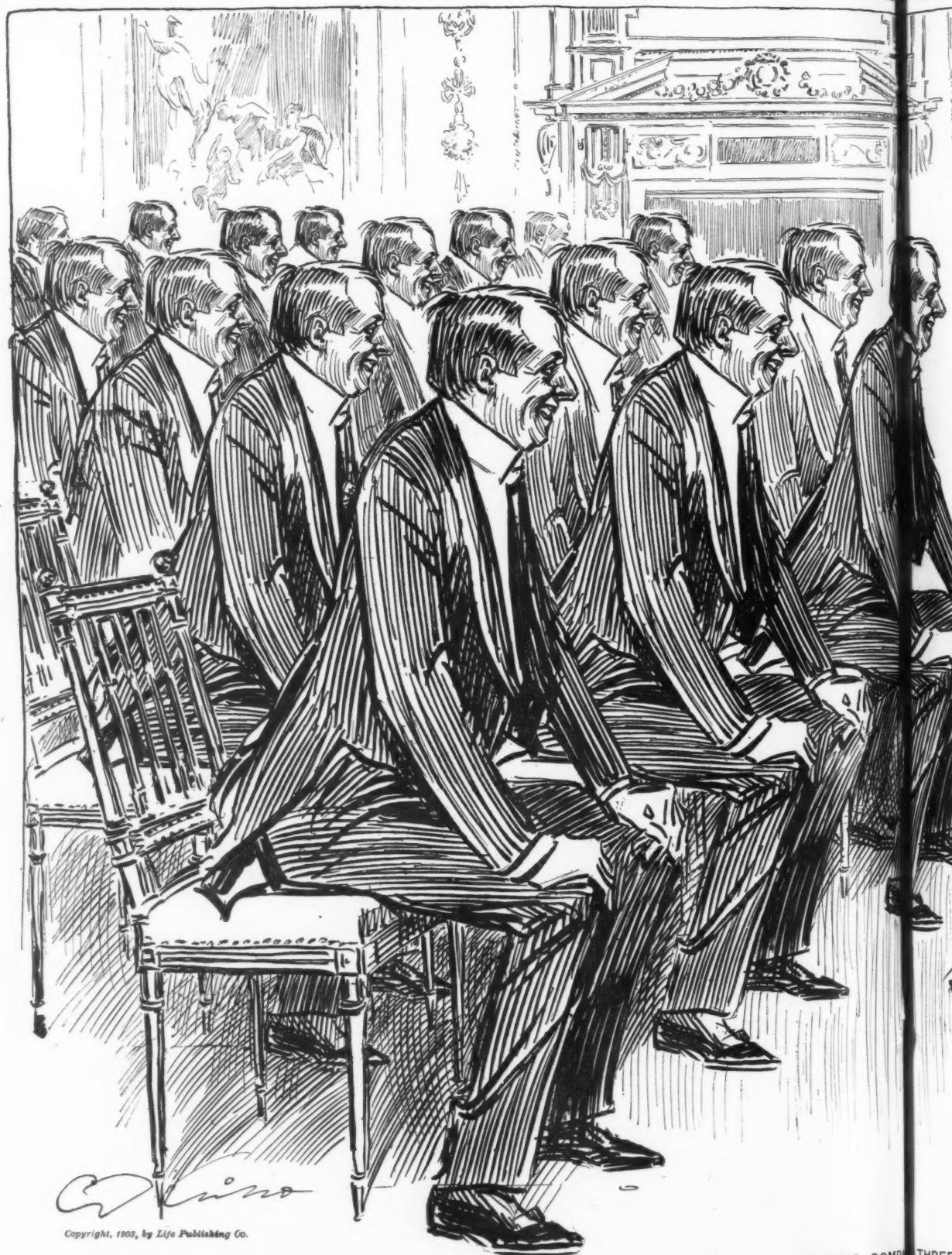
Heartless.

SHE was not quite what one would call
A beauty, save in jest :
She was too angular and tall,
Her bones too manifest.
Yet in her manner she was coy—
Decoy, I ought to say,—
And ogled every man or boy
In a coquettish way.

It happened once she lingered by
A wall where Cupid hid,
And sought to snare him with a sly
Wink of one wrinkled lid.
Love took one glance, then bent his bow
And sped a sudden dart :
It struck, it stuck, but could not go
To penetrate her heart.

A wasted arrow then he saw
Where rib and ribbon meet,
And smiled to see her deftly draw
And drop it at her feet.
"Heartless!" he cried. Alas, how true!
She was all bones and skin !
It must be mortifying to be frivolous—and thin.

Felix Carmen.



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TWO'S COMPANY THREE

THE THIRD MAN SHOWS MEMBER

LIFE.



'S COMPANY THREE'S A CROWD.

MAN SHOULD REMEMBER THAT HE IS A CROWD.



Horse Drama and Dramatic Mélange.



HORSE is king at the old Academy of Music in a play which without the useful animal would be very commonplace indeed. Its title, taken from the great turf event, is "The Suburban," and its author is C. T. Dazey. The story is of the sloppy weather, primitive kind, and deals with a wrongly accused hero, a wicked villain, an imposed-upon, wealthy father, a deserted but trusting wife and an abnormally precocious infant, the unnatural and unchildlike stage cleverness of the last making us wish that the Gerry Society used its powers with greater critical discretion. The plot wanders amid various bucolic and domestic scenes in which it becomes befogged with a wealth of incidents and characters of the usual melodramatic quality, although at times it becomes a mystery just what they have to do with the story. We know, however, that eventually the horse is going to be the real hero, and simultaneously rescue the innocent oppressed and punish the wicked oppressors.

The scene where the horse does this by running and winning the Suburban Handicap right before the eyes of the audience is really thrilling, and is one of the best in the Academy's long list of stage

spectacles. Racing experts may take exception to some of the details, but there is no doubt of the effect of this scene on the spectators. Their excitement and enthusiasm are much the same in expression as the feeling shown at the real event where thousands of dollars are in the balance. To heighten the tension there is the added possibility of one of the numerous horses in the race finishing in the laps of the audience.

The other scenes and the acting are of slight merit. Unlike the English writers of melodrama, the present author pins his faith on the one great scene. His trans-pontine rivals usually manage to keep their hearers in a state of excitement from start to finish, piling climax on climax and thrilling scene on thrilling scene to the very end. Mr. Dazey hasn't done this, but it is worth while sitting through a good deal of the dreariness to witness the victory of the horse hero.

* * *



If the race scene from "The Suburban" could only have been introduced into "Pretty Peggy" at the Herald Square, we should have a compilation in one play of every known variety of dramatic material. The piece is the medium through which Grace George seeks once more to win the theatrical affections of New York. Opening with a scene in the greenroom of a circus where all sorts of performers are trying their "stunts," we are carried into the "School for

Scandal" atmosphere by means of a supper at which are present Colley Cibber, David Garrick and their contemporaries, our musical senses are tickled with a rendering of "Drink to Me Only with Thy Eyes," and so on through various other scenes into all the schools of drama, until we feel that the author, Frances Aymar Mathews, has been indulging in a surfeit of dramatic literature and that we are suffering from her indigestion. But the piece has been so generously mounted by Mr. W. A. Brady, and the company has been so well rehearsed, that we are led to forget what a dramatic jumble it is and follow the quickly succeeding transitions with real interest. This culminates when the auditorium of the theatre is suddenly taken complete possession of by a crowd of costumed actors from the stage, and the real audience feels that it has suddenly been invaded by a section of Donnybrook Fair or one of Dry Dollar Sullivan's Tammany picnics. The artistic value of this episode may be more than questionable, but there is no doubt that it creates a sensation among the spectators, and that its novelty and boldness make it a valuable advertisement for the play.

Grace George impersonates *Peg Woffington*, the Irish actress, who once had London at her feet. It's a strenuous task the author has laid out for the star, but the latter is not feasted by the immensity of the undertaking, and it must be confessed that she comes out of it with considerable credit. She is not a great nor a finished actress, but she has an agreeable personality, a pleasant delivery and more than ordinary intelligence. What she lacks in personal magnetism she supplies with perfect self-possession. Her versatility was demonstrated by the ease with which she could pick up and drop the Irish brogue supposed to go with the part. This probably was not done designedly, but, if it was, it might be justified on the theory that she had associated so intimately with the English nobility that she had taken up their ways of speech and only accidentally and occasionally reverted to the mode of her early years. This peculiarity is sometimes noticed even in our own best society. Mr. Robert Loraine was the *David Garrick*, handsomer in person than his original and sufficient to the not great acting demands of the part. The remaining members of the large cast did all that could be expected of them.

"Pretty Peggy" is a liberal performance. There is lots of it, and it is far from uninteresting. The spectator gets his money's worth, and it fills an evening to overflowing.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"The Suburban." See above.

Belasco.—"The Darling of the Gods." Picturesque and admirably produced play, with scene located in Japan.

Bijou—Marie Cahill in "Nancy Brown." Musical comedy. Not noteworthy.

Broadway.—"The Prince of Pilsen." Musical comedy. Handsomely staged and rather more tuneful than the average.

Casino.—"The Chinese Honeymoon." Musical comedy. Fairly diverting.

Criterion.—Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars." Interesting dramatic sermon on selfishness.

Daly's.—"The Jewel of Asia." Musical comedy. Not surprisingly clever.

Garden.—"Everyman." Excellent performance of interesting morality play.

Garrick.—Annie Russell in "Mice and Men." Amusing play, well presented.

Herald Square.—Grace George in "Pretty Peggy." See above.

Knickerbocker.—"Mr. Bluebeard." Musical comedy. Elaborate and stupid.

Madison Square.—"Cynthia," with Elsie de Wolfe as the star. Light polite comedy.

Majestic.—"The Wizard of Oz." Funny extravaganza, handsomely staged.

Manhattan.—"The Earl of Pawtucket." Witty comedy well acted.

Princess.—"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." Amelia Bingham in moderately diverting Clyde Fitch play.

Savoy.—"The Taming of Helen." Notice later.

Victoria.—"Resurrection." Blanche Waugh in an interesting version of Tolstoi's sombre tale.

Wallack's.—"The Sultan of Sulu." Musical comedy. Funny and musical.

Weber and Fields's.—Burlesque and vaudeville. Inexperienced persons sometimes attempt to buy good seats at the box office.



THE U. S. SENATE IN SESSION.

Vindication.

THE Korean merchant coming over to America to get idols made for his heathen customers is a thorough, albeit late vindication of Christianity against the aspersions of the Demetrius who persuaded the silversmiths of Ephesus that Paul's religion would hurt their business.

We have no reason to feel ashamed

of our religion, from the point of view of trade. Vastly more money has been made by Christians than by the adherents of any other religious system.

A Mistake.

NEW ARRIVAL: I, sir, was a Brigadier-General in the American Army!

ST. PETER: This is no place for political refugees.

A Wedding.

HE wedding was solemnized in a floating chapel built for the occasion. This clever ruse was made necessary by the bride having only limited divorces which did not permit her to marry again anywhere except on the high seas, and also by the groom not daring to come within the jurisdiction of the courts of New York.

His effulgence, the extremely right reverend bishop of the diocese, conducted the ceremony, and was never more felicitous. When he pronounced the benediction on the kneeling pair, the aristocratic congregation were deeply affected, and cheered loudly. The bishop thanked them feelingly in behalf of himself and Jehovah.

During the ceremony the ushers passed highballs and cigarettes, a chic innovation especially welcomed by the younger women present, who were not accustomed to sitting so long without drinking or smoking.

Another new feature was the cake-walk recessional. When it was seen to what advantage this enabled the bride to display her exquisite lingerie, great surprise was expressed that nobody had thought of it before.



TRICK FOR TRICK.

"ACH! DER TEUFEL! HE THINKS TO PLAY US ONE TRICK. FOR IF WE SHOOT HIM NOW, WE MUST DESCEND FIVE THOUSAND FEET TO GET HIS REMAINS."

"LET US FOOL HIM, HANS, BY NOT SHOOTING HIM AT ALL."



LIFE'S FASHIONS.

WORKING COSTUME FOR A RUSSIAN PEASANT.

A Drastic Measure.

"WHAT do they do?" said Dimpleton.

"What do they do!" repeated Mrs. Dimpleton; "why, they tell us parents just what we ought to know. I have always felt that you never realized the responsibility entailed upon you as a father. You are apparently so flippant and so indifferent to it all. I spoke to the president of the club about you the other day, and she wished you would just come to one of our meetings. She felt sure you would be awokened. Oh,—it was the

last one, I mean—it was so inspiring."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Dimpleton. "Go there with you and listen to a lot of ridiculous gabble? Do men ever go?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Mrs. Dimpleton, "indeed they do! And although they are not so numerous as the women, they take such an interest in everything."

Dimpleton laughed.

"I should imagine," he said, "that any idiot of a so-called man who would attend such—

what do you call 'em 'Lectures to Parents'?—would naturally be enthusiastic about them. But, my dear, I tell you what I will do. I will, as you suggest, take more of an interest in the kid. Perhaps I have been neglecting him."

"But will your interest," said Mrs. Dimpleton, "be the right kind? You know that unless a parent is carefully trained in our modern methods he is likely to do more harm than good."

"Well," said Dimpleton, "in my coarse, unnatural, primitive way, I'll do the best I can. Bring the boy in here, and I'll stay home with him this afternoon and be a father to him, while you go and drink in culture and instruction from the lecture platform—that fountain head of all wisdom."

Edward, four years old, came toddling in with his nurse, who was instructed to put on her things and go with Mrs. Dimpleton, that she, too, might be inspired in the right direction. The carriage presently bowled away, and left behind—a fond father with a fell scheme, and a plastic-minded youngster, just waiting to be taught.

* * *

BY and by, in the dusk of the afternoon, the carriage came back. Mrs. Dimpleton, her face flushed with renewed enthusiasm, entered the house and ran upstairs to the nursery.

An unusual and striking scene met her gaze. Dimpleton, with a huge cigar in his mouth, sat in the centre of the room, dealing the cards on a card table that he had brought up from the library. On the table, in two large stacks, were a lot of many-colored poker chips. On the other side of the table sat Edward, an expression of infantile absorption on his innocent face, holding his hand, with intense interest,



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."



*The Youthful, but Persistent Suitor: YOU WILL GET TIRED OF REFUSING ME
SOME DAY!
"YES. ALL PLEASURES END."*

"close to his chin," as his fond father had instructed him to.

Mrs. Dimpleton uttered a feminine shriek of dismay.

"Oh, what *are* you doing?" she gasped.

"Being a parent to our child," said Dimpleton. "Edward, say 'Damn.'"

"Dam," lisped Edward.

Mrs. Dimpleton, thoroughly horror-stricken, snatched up the boy and folded him to her breast. "Are you mad?" she exclaimed.

"Not exactly," said Dimpleton.

"This is only a little idea of my own. I hope to teach our little son to play poker and swear fluently. At present his vocabulary is limited to the little word you have heard, but in a few more afternoons I'll make an expert out of him. Give me time!"

His wife laughed hysterically.

"You'll never have another chance!" she exclaimed.

"How can you help yourself?" said Dimpleton. "You *will* go to these nice, interesting parents' meetings, and I give you my word that every time you go I'll stay home and teach that kid just what I have been teaching him this afternoon."

"Then I'll never go again!"

Dimpleton went over and patted his wife on the shoulder.

"Good for you!" he said affectionately. "My dear, there is one thing in the world more important for a mother to do than to attend a lecture to parents, and that is, to stay home and protect her child from its father."

Tom Masson.



BACK TO ASIA.



BOOK STRIKE BULLETINS.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Indianapolis, Ind., March 2.—(Special.)—Another conference between the book operators and the book miners was held to-day, but no settlement was arrived at, and there is talk of asking President Roosevelt, who is a book miner himself as a side line, to arbitrate the dispute before the present distressing conditions become unbearable. Already the famine in historical novels has reached the point where it is impossible to buy them in ton lots, and people are purchasing by the bushel basket. In some parts of the country consumers are reduced to the bituminous subscription books from the Conkeyville district.

I visited to-day the home of a typical book miner, Mr. Booth Tarkington. The poverty of the interior was pathetic. I suppose the entire furnishings of this humble home could not have cost more than \$10,000. I found the miner in a small room on the second floor, miserably furnished. There was really nothing in it except a few Oriental rugs, some mahogany chairs and tables, a few oil paintings, and a lot of bric-a-brac. I noticed a motto in a gold frame:

"And so from hour to hour we write and write,
And then from hour to hour write rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a historical romance."

"This is the best I can offer you," he said, handing me a fat 25-cent cigar, which I regarded suspiciously. "Take a seat on that divan." I did so, and we fell to discussing the book-mining situation.

"The position of the anthracite book miners has been misstated," said Mr. Tarkington. "Our de-

mands are for 15 per cent. of the gross selling price up to 50,000 tons, after which we demand 20 per cent. The operators wish to cut us to 10 and 15. We will not stand it. We will not mine another ton until our demands are acceded to. This is our final answer to the operators."

"How about the poetry miners? Will they unite with you, as threatened?"

"If a settlement is not effected within forty-eight hours, we are assured that the poetry miners will suspend work in a body."

Up to midnight the operators refused to give out a statement, but they are expected to yield.—*Chicago Tribune*.

YAWCOB AND HIS DOG

And Yawcob, observing his dog Schnitzel, spake unto him as follows: "You vas only a tog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust durn round dree dimes und lay down. Ven I go mit my bed in, I haf to lock up der place und vind up der clock und pud der cat out und undress myself und my vrow vakes up und scolds, den der paby vakes up und cries und I haf to vakhim mit der house around; den maybe ven I gets myself to bed it is dime to get up vonce more again. Ven you gets up mit your bed you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle und you vas up. I haf to light der fire und put on der kittle, scrap some mit my wife alerty und git myself breakfast. You blay mit der day all round und haf plenties of fun. I haf to work all der day round und haf plenties of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

—*Boomernickel Blatter*.

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

The village sexton, in addition to being gravedigger, acted as a stonemason, house repairer and furniture remover.

The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal.

When it came to settling up accounts the doctor deducted an old contra account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time, objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture.

"If this was steady, it would pay much better than gravedigging."

The sexton replied:

"Indade, Oi wud be glad to ave a steady job; gravediggin' is very slack since you left."—*Spare Moments*.

It has been said of the Southern darky that he has not always a clear idea as to property rights, but on some points it appears that he is not in the least hazy.

An old colored man in the days "befo' de wah" was given one of his master's cast-off hats, which he wore with great pride. One Sunday his master met him coming home from a camp-meeting in a pouring rain, bareheaded and holding his hat under his coat. Later on the master questioned him closely:

"Why didn't you wear your hat, Jerry? Did you feel the need of cooling your head?"

"You see it's like dis, sah," responded Jerry. "My head is yours, but my hat is mine, and natchelly I feels like taking care ob it, sah."—*Youth's Companion*.

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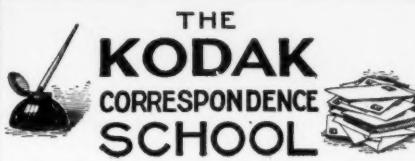
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SIR RICHARD POWELL, the eminent English physician, is noted for his frankness in speaking his mind without regard to the social position of his patient. Once, when he was called to prescribe for the Duchess of Manchester, he ordered her to disrobe. "But, Sir Richard, I haven't my maid here," she said; to which the baronet retorted: "Madame, I have no intention of examining your maid."—*Argonaut*.

"DON'T you think that elections could be conducted without the use of money?"

"Of course they could," answered Senator Sorghum; "but it would be impossible to guarantee the result."—*Washington Star*.

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It is told of Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, for many years Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America, who lived all his life a bachelor, that he was talking one day with a young man from the West about a tax a Western State was trying to impose on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent. for every ten years of bachelorhood. "Why, Bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year."

"Well," said the Bishop, quietly, and in his old-time vernacular, "it's wuth it."—*New York Tribune*.

"It's almost impossible, dear, to lease a house for a shorter term than one year nowadays," he said, "so, to protect myself, I must ask you—"

"Ask me what?" interrupted his bride-to-be.

"To agree not to seek a divorce until the expiration of the first year's lease."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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THEY tell this story of Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Frederick Treves, the King's physician:

Lord Charles fell ill, and Sir Frederick was called to his bedside. "Tell me," said Sir Frederick, "your symptoms."

The other said he had a pain here, an ache there, and a stiffness somewhere else. And to each of these announcements the physician exclaimed, chuckling delightedly:

"Excellent!"

"Charming!"

"Splendid!"

When Lord Charles had concluded the enumeration of his troubles, Sir Frederick slapped him heartily upon the back, and cried in a bold, gay voice:

"My dear fellow, let me congratulate you! You have the rarest disease of the century. You have, you lucky dog, a disease that heretofore was thought to be extinct."—*New York Tribune*.

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Hiawatha



Title page of "Hiawatha."

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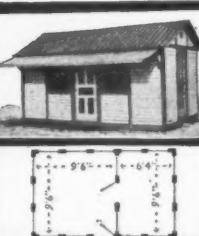
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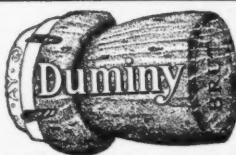
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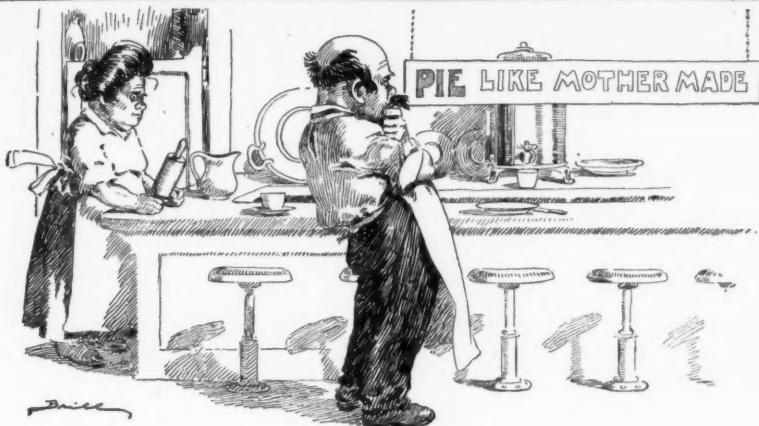
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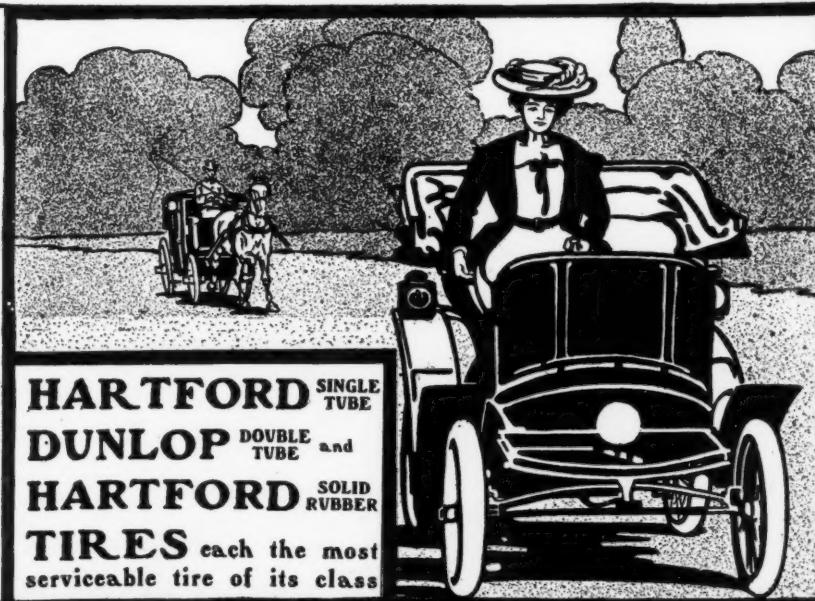
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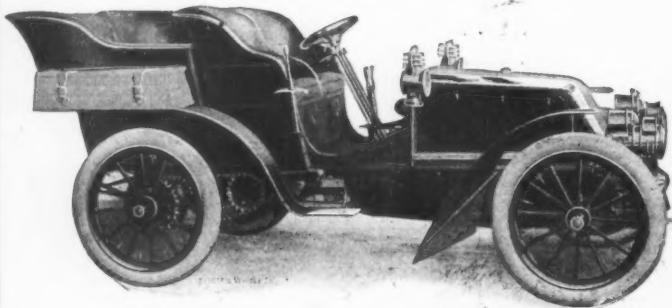
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